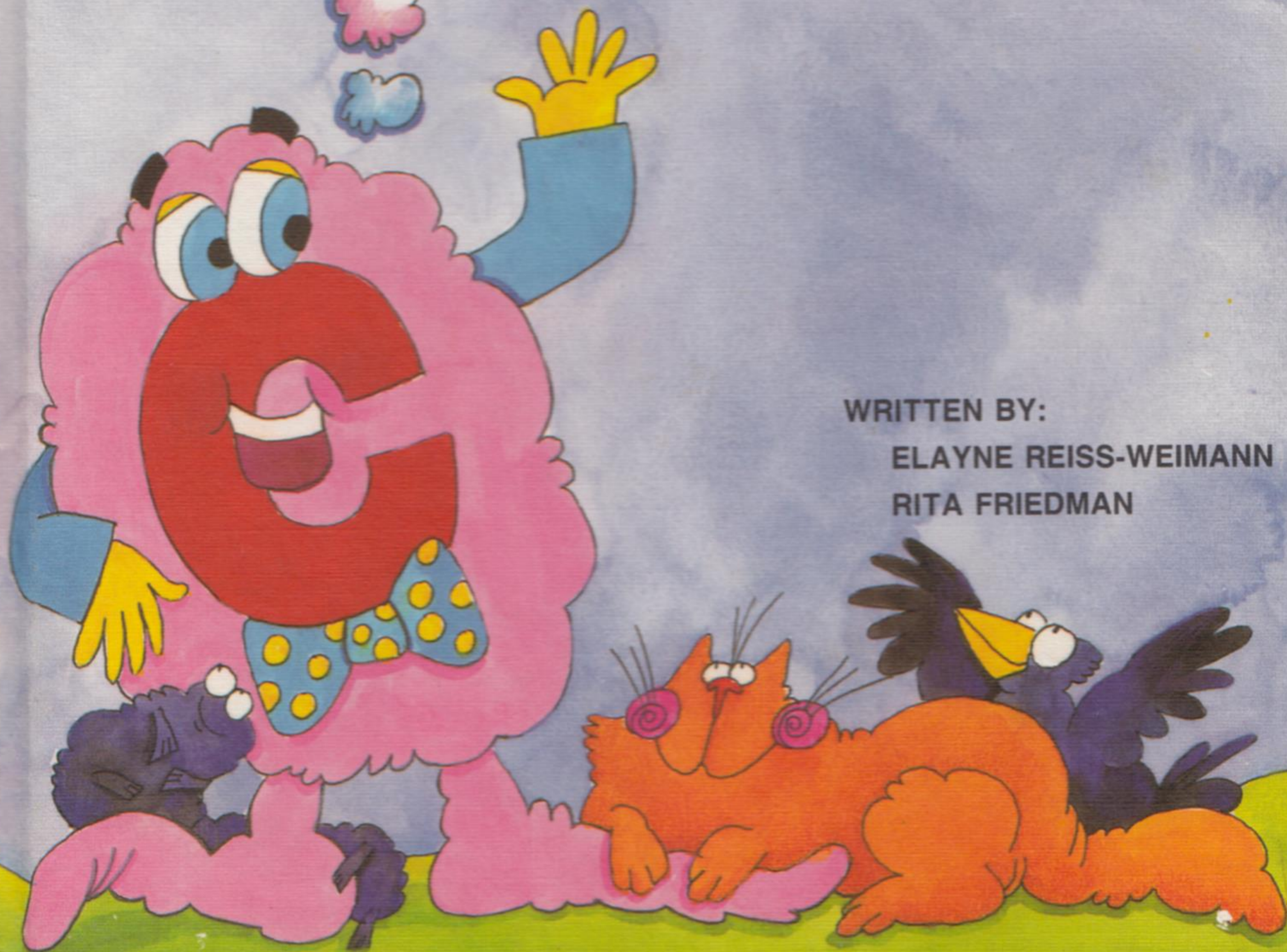


THE CANDY CREATURE

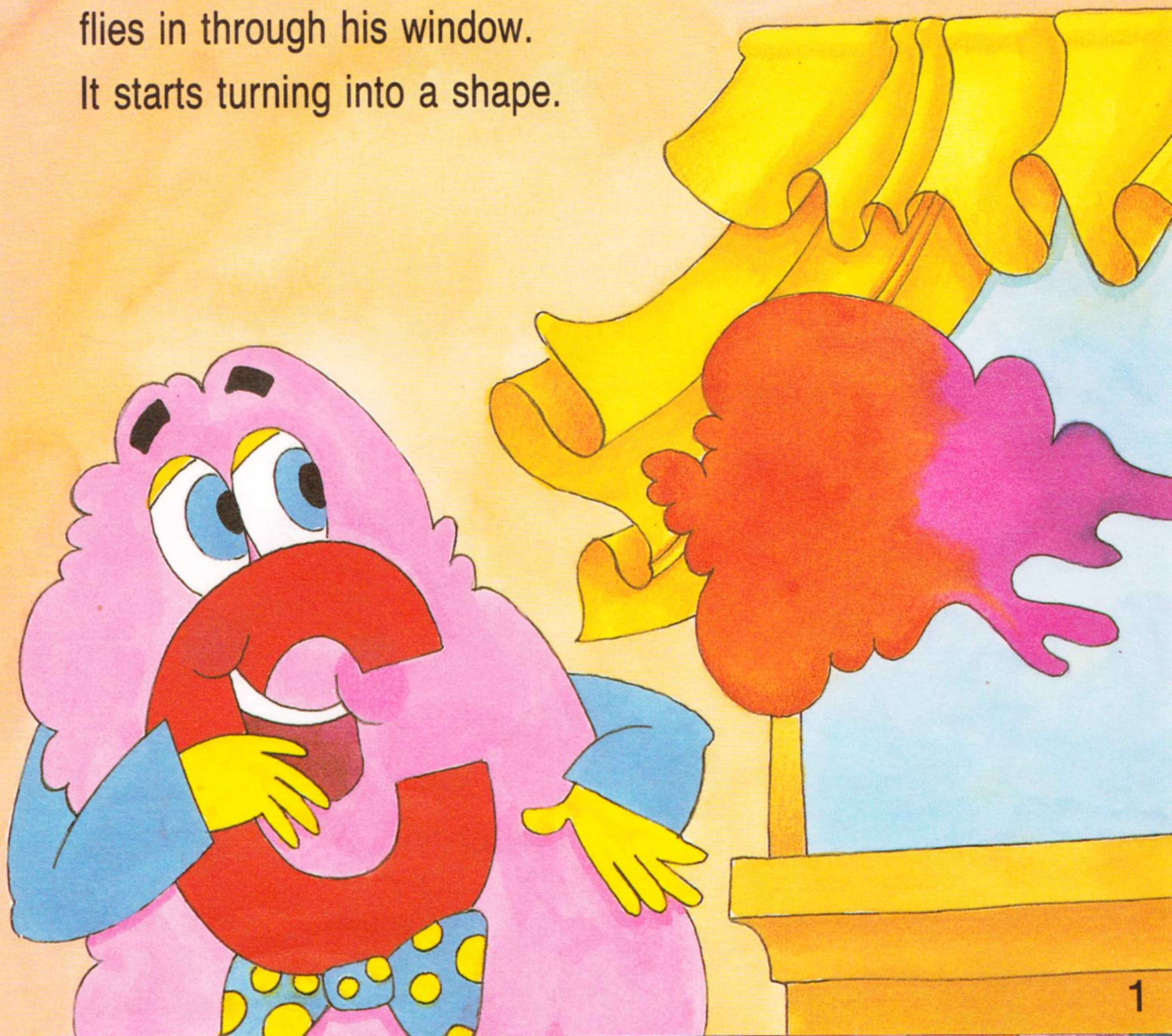
WRITTEN BY:
ELAYNE REISS-WEIMANN
RITA FRIEDMAN



Today Mr. C is going to the Children's Hospital to see a show.

"I wish I knew how to entertain the children," thinks Mr. C.

Mr. C imagines the wonderful ways he would entertain. Suddenly a large puff of cotton candy flies in through his window. It starts turning into a shape.



"Oh, my!" cries Mr. C.

"You look like a cotton candy cat."

Then, as Mr. C watches, the cotton candy cat grows wings.

"Now you look like a cotton candy cat with wings," cries Mr. C.

Then, as Mr. C watches, the cotton candy cat grows six more feet.

"Now you look like a cotton candy cat with wings and six extra feet.

Who are you?"

"I am Cotton Candy Creature," it says.



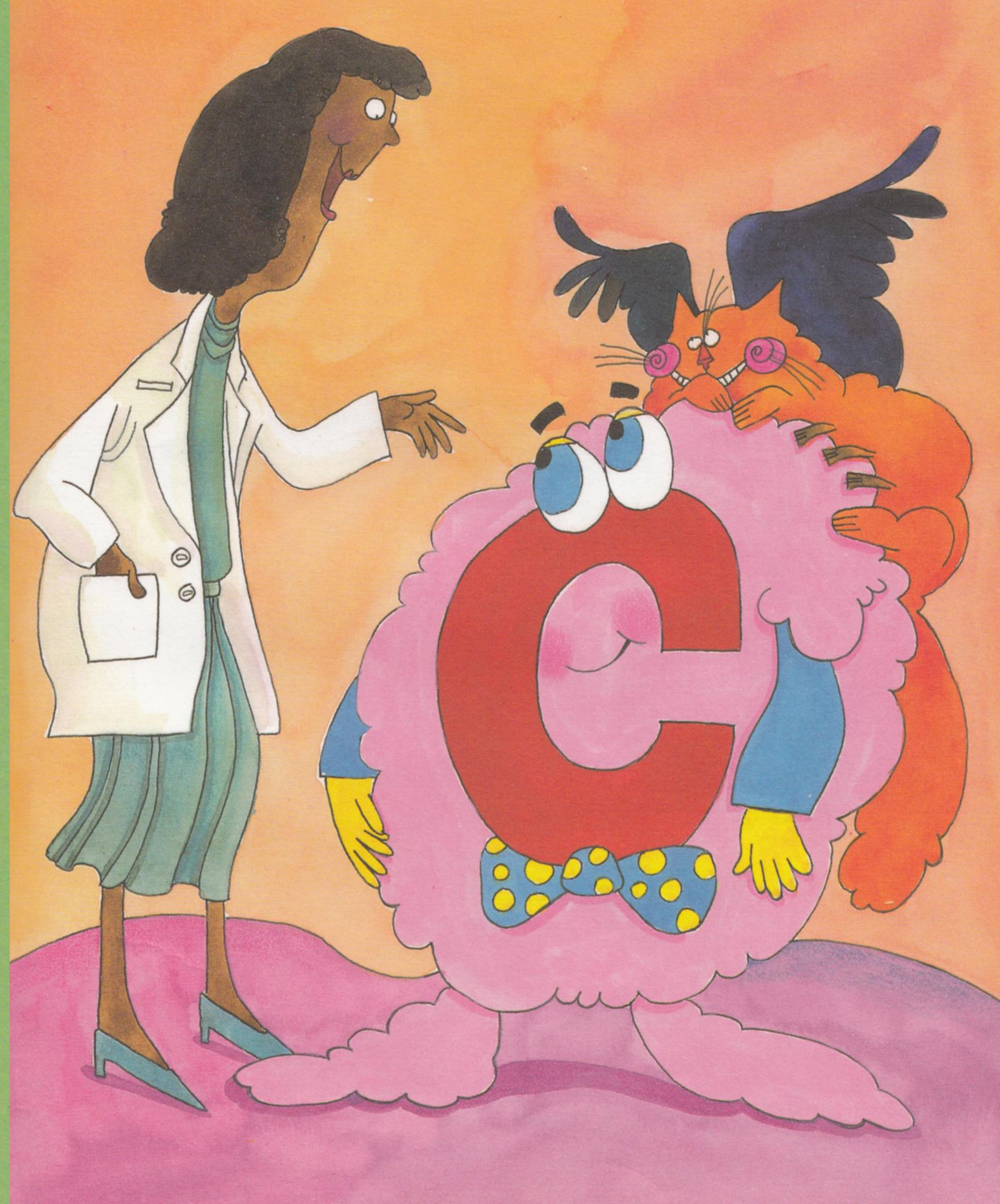
“Where did you come from?” asks Mr. C.
“I came from your wonderful imagination,”
says the Cotton Candy Creature.
“You need me today, so I am here.
I will stay until you don’t need me anymore.”
“Why do I need you today?” asks Mr. C.
“You’ll see,” says Cotton Candy Creature.
“Now let’s go to the show at the Children’s Hospital.”



“I’ll stay on your shoulder and take you there,”
says Cotton Candy Creature.
Cotton Candy Creature’s wings flap and flap.
“My feet are off the ground!” cries Mr. C.
“We’re flying!”
They fly right to the Children’s Hospital.
“Mr. C,” says Cotton Candy Creature,
“don’t tell anyone else about me, because
you are the only one who can see me or hear me.”



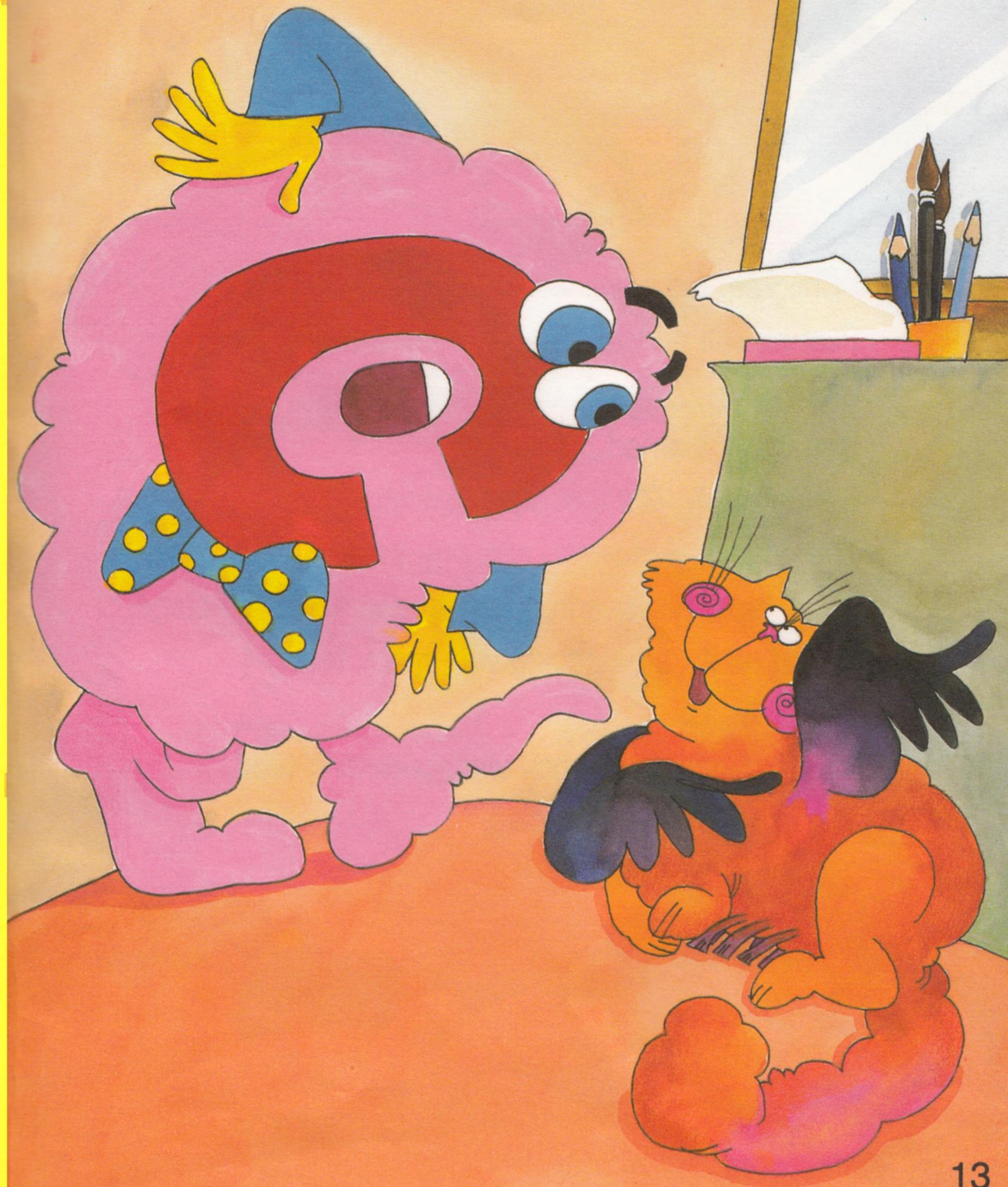
Mr. C walks into the hospital auditorium.
Cotton Candy Creature stays on Mr. C's shoulder.
"Mr. C, I am so glad to see you," says Doctor Callie.
"I have a big problem.
The entertainers will be very, very late.
I may have to cancel the show."
"Mr. C," says Cotton Candy Creature,
"tell Doctor Callie that you will entertain the children."
"I can't entertain," whispers Mr. C.



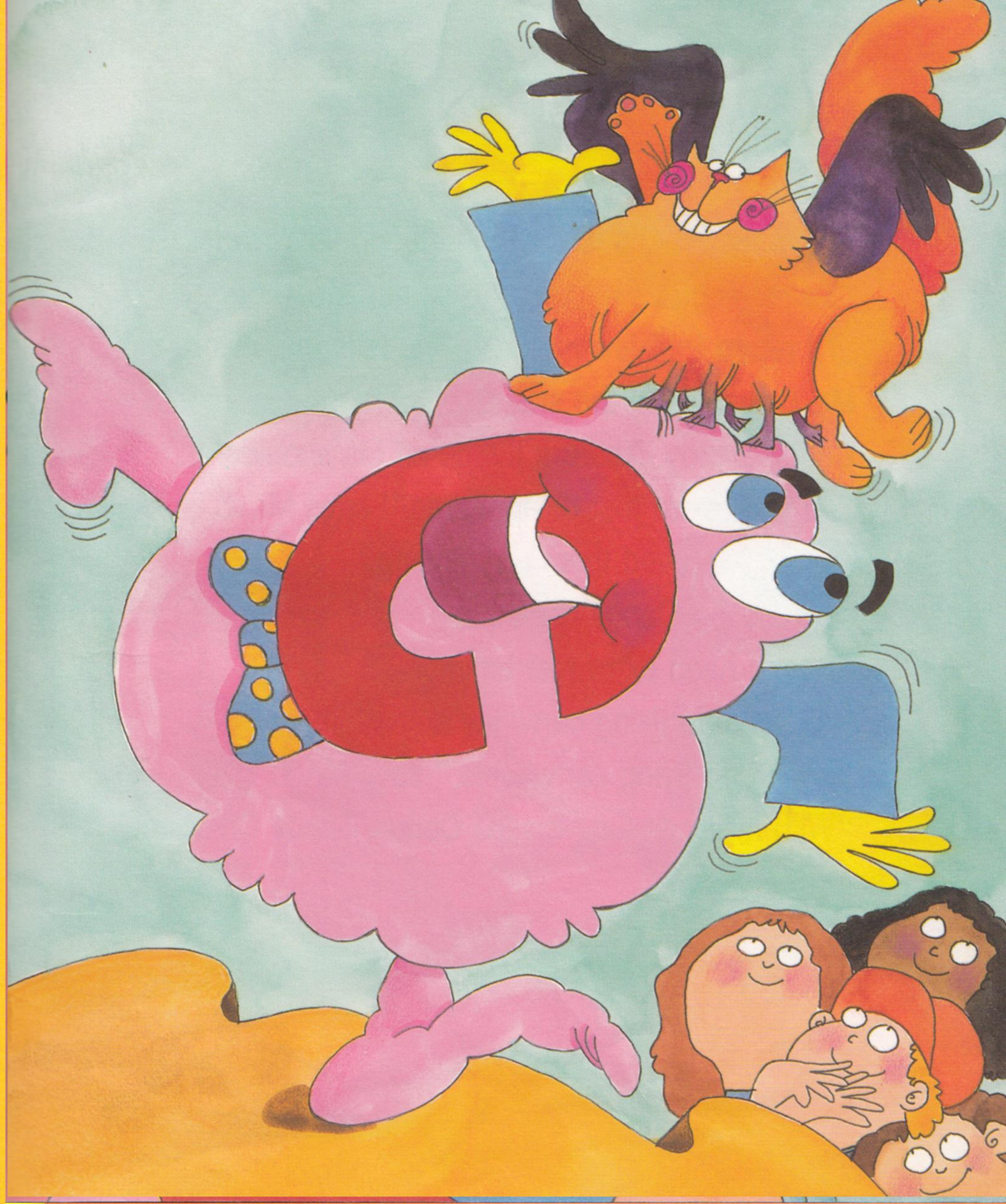
“Mr. C, I am here today just to help you entertain the children,” says Cotton Candy Creature. Mr. C doesn’t understand, but he says, “Doctor Callie, I will entertain the children.” “Wonderful!” says Doctor Callie. “What shall I tell the children you will do?” Mr. C does not know what to say. “Tell the doctor you will dance, do flying cartwheels, and move to music like a cat,” says Cotton Candy Creature. Mr. C is worried, but he tells Doctor Callie how he will entertain the children.



Doctor Callie shows Mr. C into a dressing room.
“Wait here and I’ll call you soon,” she says.
“Cotton Candy Creature, how am I going to do all those things?” asks Mr. C.
“I can’t dance, do flying cartwheels, or move like a cat.”
“That’s why I am here,” says Cotton Candy Creature.
“I told you that you would need me today.”
Before Mr. C can say anything, he hears Doctor Callie.
“Mr. C, I’ll tell the children we are ready to start the show,” she calls.



“Children, today we will see Mr. C entertain.
First he will dance,” says Doctor Callie.
Slowly, Mr. C comes out onto the stage.
He is very worried.
Suddenly Mr. C’s feet start dancing.
They dance wonderful, amazing steps.
Mr. C taps, twirls, and spins up and down the stage.
“I feel as if I am dancing with many feet,”
thinks Mr. C.
“I can dance and dance without getting tired.”
The children clap and clap.



Suddenly Mr. C's feet cannot dance anymore.
"Something has happened!" thinks Mr. C.
"I'll return in a few minutes," he tells the children.
Mr. C rushes off the stage.
Cotton Candy Creature jumps off his shoulder.
"All your extra feet disappeared!" cries Mr. C.
"Mr. C, we used them up dancing,"
says Cotton Candy Creature.
"I don't need extra feet anymore.
Now let's do flying cartwheels."
"I can't do flying cartwheels," says Mr. C.
"With me you can!" smiles Cotton Candy Creature.



Mr. C goes out onto the stage.
All at once, he is flying through the air.
He does one cartwheel after another.
“I feel as if I have wings,” thinks Mr. C.
The children clap and clap.
Then Cotton Candy Creature says,
“It is time to stop.”
“No! I don’t want to stop,” whispers Mr. C.
“I’m having a wonderful time and so are the children!”
Suddenly Mr. C falls to the floor.
“What a funny way to end a flying cartwheel act,”
laugh the children.



Mr. C and Cotton Candy Creature leave the stage.
“Mr. C, you must stop when I tell you,”
says Cotton Candy Creature,
jumping off Mr. C’s shoulder.
“Your wings have disappeared!” cries Mr. C.
“Mr. C, we used them up doing flying cartwheels.
I don’t need wings anymore.
Let’s continue the show,” says Cotton Candy Creature.
“This time you’ll pretend to be a cat.”
Cotton Candy Creature jumps back
onto Mr. C’s shoulder.



Mr. C returns to the stage.
“Look at Mr. C arch his back,” cry the children.
“Look at Mr. C leap from place to place.
Mr. C crawls, creeps, and claws just like a cat.”
The children clap and clap and clap.
Suddenly Mr. C doesn’t feel like a cat anymore.
“Cotton Candy Creature, is it time to stop?” he asks.
Cotton Candy Creature doesn’t answer.
Mr. C touches his shoulder.
Cotton Candy Creature is not there.
But something else is.



“Look, Mr. C, there’s a cotton candy cone on your shoulder!” cry the children.

“That’s wonderful!” says Mr. C.

“I need a new cotton candy cone.”

Suddenly a puff of cotton candy comes out of the cone.

“Look!” cry the children.

“It’s turning into something.

It’s a cotton candy cat!”

Mr. C watches very closely.

“Will it get wings and extra feet?” he wonders.

But the cotton candy cat just stays a cat.



Then one cotton candy puff after another comes out of the cone.

Some puffs become crows.

Some puffs become caterpillars.

Some puffs become cats.

Soon all the children have a cotton candy cat, caterpillar, or crow for their very own.

“Mr. C, this is a wonderful way to end your show,” say the children, clapping happily.

“I’m glad I made the children happy,” Mr. C thinks.



Mr. C takes the cotton candy cone and goes home.
“I will use the cotton candy cone to make another
Cotton Candy Creature,” he decides.
Mr. C tries and tries, but a Cotton Candy Creature
will not come out of the cotton candy cone.
“Now I remember!” cries Mr. C.
“Cotton Candy Creatures can only come
from my imagination.”



Mr. C smiles.

“There are so many other wonderful creatures in my imagination,” he says.

